

# The Musical World.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 33.—No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855.

PRICE 4d.  
STAMPED 6d.

## A DREAM OF DONNA ANNA.

(From the German of Hoffmann.)

THE loud ringing of a bell and the words of a shrill voice, crying out, "the theatre begins," awoke me from a gentle sleep. Double-basses were growling in great confusion,—now came a stroke on the kettle-drums, and then a blast from the trumpet—a clear A from an oboe was heard, and violins fell in between. I rubbed my eyes. "Has, perhaps, the always busy devil—?" No! I was in the room of the hotel where I had arrived the day before almost as if broken on a rack. The rope of a bell hung just over my nose; I gave a good pull, and the servant appeared.

"What, for Heaven's sake, is the meaning of this confused music here close by me?—is there a concert to be given in the house?"

"Your excellency," (I had drunk champagne at dinner) "does not know, perhaps, that this hotel is connected with the theatre. This paper door will lead you into a small corridor from which you can enter box No. 23, reserved for strangers."

"What?—theatre?—stranger's box?"

"Yes, the small stranger's-box, holding two or, at most, three persons—it is reserved only for persons of rank; it has green paper hangings and Venetian blinds, and is close to the stage. If your excellency should choose—we play to-day *Don Juan*, by the celebrated Mr. Mozart, from Vienna. We can put the price for your ticket in your bill."

The last words were spoken while he opened the door of the box, so quickly had I stepped, upon hearing the words "Don Juan," through the paper door into the corridor. The house was, for this middle-sized place, spacious, tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted. All the boxes and parterre were crowded. The first chords of the overture convinced me that a most excellent orchestra would afford me the most exquisite enjoyment of the masterpiece, even though the actors should perform indifferently. During the *andante* the horrors of the terrible subterranean *regno al piano* came over me; presentiments of something awful filled my mind. The joyous fanfare in the seventh bar of the *allegro* sounded to me like villany in high glee. I saw fiery demons stretching forth their glowing claws from deep darkness to catch some of the gay mortals who were merrily dancing on the thin covering of the abyss. The conflict of man's nature with the unknown direful powers that surround him, and lie in wait for his destruction, stood clear before my mind.

At last the storm subsided and the curtain rose. Freezing and out of humour, Leporello, wrapped in his cloak, paces in dark night up and down before the pavilion: "Notte e giorno faticar."—Ah! Italian! thought I, here in this German town. Ah! *che piacere*! I shall hear the recitative and all, just as the great master felt and thought in his mind. Now Don Juan came rushing out, after him Donna Anna, holding the villain by the cloak. What an aspect! She might have been taller and more slender, and more majestic in her walk; but what a head! and eyes from which love, anger, hatred, and despair shot as from one focus, a shining pyramid of bright sparks, which, like Greek fire, unquenchable, burned to the very core. The loose braids of her dark hair float in ringlets down her neck. Her white night-dress traitorously discloses charms that are never looked upon without danger. The heart in which the pangs of the horrid deed are buried, was yet beating in violent pulsations. And now what a voice! "*Non spera se non m'uccidi*." Her notes, as if cast of ethereal metal, flash like glaring lightning through the storm of instruments.—Don Juan tries in vain to free himself.—But does he wish it? Why does he not thrust the woman aside with his strong hand? Does the wicked deed enervate him, or is it the struggle of hate and love within his breast that deprives him of all courage and strength?—The old father has now paid with his life for his folly in attacking the vigorous opponent in the dark; and Don

Juan and Leporello approach the proscenium in the recitative conversation.

Don Juan disengages himself from his cloak, and is standing there in a costly dress of velvet embroidered with silver. His figure is strong and beautiful, his face of manly beauty; his nose of a Roman cast, his eyes penetrating, and his lips softly formed. The singular play of a muscle on the forehead gives his physiognomy, for a moment, something of the expression of Mephistopheles, which, without marring his beauty of face, excites an involuntary shudder. It seems as if he could exert the magic power of a serpent; it seems as if woman, after having once gazed upon him, could no longer escape from him, and must complete her ruin, being once seized upon by this invisible power.

Leporello, tall and slim, with a red and white striped vest—coat, a short red cloak, a white hat with a red feather, is tripping round him. His features have an expression strangely mingled of good nature, roguishness, trustfulness, and ironic pertness; his dark eye-brows form a strange contrast to his grizzly hair and beard. One seen at once the old fellow is a fit assistant and servant of Don Juan. They have now made their fortunate escape over the wall. Torch-bearers, Donna Anna, and Don Ottavio, appear. The latter is a delicate, nicely-dressed, and smooth mannikin, of twenty-one years at most. Being the betrothed of Anna, he no doubt staid in the same house, as he could not have been called so soon. At the first alarm he might no doubt have hastened to the spot in time to save the father; but he had first to dress himself, and besides he did not venture out in the night,—

"Ma qual mai s'offre, o dei,  
Spettacolo funesto agli occhi miei!"

More than despair in consequence of the cruel outrage is expressed in the terrible heart-rending notes of the recitative and duet. But it is not alone Don Juan's violent attempt, threatening ruin to her and causing death to her father, which forces these notes from the anguished heart; it is a destructive, deadly struggle in her heart, which can produce them. The tall, lank Donna Elvira, who has still visible traces of great beauty, which has now faded, had just chid the traitor Don Juan; "*Tu nido d'inganni*." And the compassionate Leporello had very archly observed, "*Parla come un libro stampato*," when I thought I perceived somebody near or behind me. It was easy for a person to have opened the door and stolen in, and at this thought a pain shot through my heart. I had felt so happy at being alone in the box, entirely undisturbed, and clasping with all the fibres of sensation, as with polypus arms, this masterpiece, now produced to such perfection, and absorbing it. A single word, which, moreover, might be silly, might have cruelly snatched me from this glorious state of poetico-musical exaltation. I resolved to take no notice of my neighbour, but, entirely wrapt up in the playing, to avoid every word and look. With my head resting on my hands and my back turned towards my neighbour, I looked on. The further continuation of the play corresponded with the excellent beginning. The little roguish, amorous Zerlina comforted, in sweet notes and airs, the good-natured Masetto. Don Juan distinctly expressed his broken soul, and his scorn at the mannikins around him, put there merely for his pleasure, that he might break in upon and destroy their faint-hearted doings, in the wild aria, "*Fin ch'han dal vino*." The muscle on his forehead moved more violently than before. The marks now appear. Their *terzetto* is a prayer, that in pure and shining rays ascends to heaven. The middle curtain now flies suddenly up. There is a feast going on in a merry crowd of peasants, goblets ring, and all kinds of masks are moving round, attracted hither by Don Juan's feast. The three persons sworn to take vengeance now appear. The scene grows more solemn, till the dance begins. Zerlina is saved; during the loud thundering finale, Don Juan, undaunted, with sword in hand, meets his enemies. He strikes the fancy sword of the bridegroom out of his hand, and makes his way through the crowd, which he throws into

entire confusion, as the brave Roland did the army of the tyrant Cymort, so that all fall comically one over the other.

I often seemed to perceive behind me a warm gentle breath, and to hear the rustling of silk. This made me suppose that a woman was present, but wholly wrapped up in the poetical world which the opera disclosed to me, I took no notice of it. Now that the curtain had dropped, I looked round for my fair neighbour. No words can express my astonishment. Donna Anna, in the very costume in which I had shortly before seen her on the stage, stood behind me, and fixed upon me the penetrating look of her animated eyes. Entirely speechless, I fixed a steady gaze upon her; her mouth (as it seemed to me) contracted into a light, ironical smile, in which I mirrored myself and discovered my silly figure. I felt the propriety of my accosting her, and yet I could not move my tongue, which seemed to be lamed with surprise and even fright. At last, almost involuntarily the words escaped me: "How is it possible to see you here?" Whereupon she answered at once in the purest Tuscan, that unless I understood and spoke Italian she would be obliged to forego the pleasure of my conversation, since she spoke no other tongue. The sweet words sounded like singing. The expression of her dark blue eye was heightened while she spoke, and every glance flashing from it poured a stream of fire into my heart, which made every pulse beat quick and every fibre quiver. It was Donna Anna herself. The thought that it was possible for her to be on the stage and in my box at the same time did not occur to me. As a happy dream combines the strangest things, and a pious faith understands what is supernatural, and brings it, in a seemingly natural manner, into harmony with the so-called natural phenomena in life, so fell I also, in the presence of the wonderful woman, into a kind of somnambulism, in which I saw the secret relations which so closely joined me to her that she could not go away from me even when she was on the stage. How gladly would I write down for you, my dear Theodore, every word of the remarkable conversation which was carried on between the Signora and myself; but while I try to write down in German what she said, I find every word stiff and cold, every phrase awkward, to express what she spoke in Tuscan with all imaginable ease and grace. When she spoke of Don Juan and her own part, I felt that now for the first time the depths of this master-work were laid open to me; and I could distinctly look into and recognise the fantastic forms of a foreign world. She said that her whole life was music; that she often seemed to comprehend, while singing, many things, mysteriously hidden in her inner soul, which no words could express. "Yes, then indeed, I comprehend them," continued she, with a burning eye and higher tone of voice, "but all around me remains cold and dead, and, while they applaud a difficult roulade and a successful cadenza, icy hands seem thrust into my glowing heart. But you seem to understand me; I see that to you also has been revealed the wonderful romantic world, where the heavenly charm of tones dwell."

"What! you glorious, wonderful woman, is it possible you know me?"

"Did not the enchanting frenzy of ever-yearning love pour forth from your heart in the part of ——— in your new opera? I have comprehended you; your soul has been revealed to me in singing. Yes indeed (here she called me by my Christian name), I have sung you; as are your melodies, so I!"

The stage bell rang; a sudden pallor spread over Donna Anna's unpainted face; she pressed her hand on her heart as if she felt a sudden pain; and, while she said, in a low tone, "Unhappy Anna, thy most painful moments are now coming!" she left the box.

The first act had delighted me, but, after this singular event, the music affected me in an entirely different and strange manner. It seemed as if the long-promised fulfilment of the fairest dreams were now realized in another world; as if the most mysterious forebodings of the enchanted soul were made to stand forth in notes, and could be recognised in their forms.

In the scene where Donna Anna appears, I trembled with excess of delight, while a gentle warm breath stole over me. My eyes involuntarily closed, and a glowing kiss seemed to burn upon my lips; but this kiss was a note long drawn out, as if by an ever-thirsting, yearning desire.

The *finale* now commenced in tones of reckless merriment; "Gia la mensa è preparata." Don Juan sat caressing between two girls, and opened bottle upon bottle to give to the fermenting spirits, hermetically closed within, free way over him. The room was small, with a large gothic window in the background, through which one looked upon the dark night without. Already, while Elvira reminds the faithless one of his former vows, one can see lightning through the window, and the low grumbling of an approaching thunder-storm is heard.

At length comes the violent knocking. Elvira and the girls fly away, and amidst the fearful accord of the subterranean spirit-world, the huge marble colossus stalks in, opposite to which Don Juan appears like a dwarf. The floor shakes under the thundering footsteps of the giant. Don Juan, through storm, thunder, and the howling of the demons, shouts his terrible "No!" The hour of his destruction is at hand. The statue disappears; dense smoke fills the room, out of which horrid spectral forms are developed. Then an explosion takes place as if a thousand thunderbolts struck at once. Don Juan and the demons have disappeared one knows not how. Leporello lies fainting in a corner of the room.

How refreshing now is the entrance of the other persons, who in vain look for Don Juan, who has been withdrawn by the subterranean powers of earthly vengeance. It seems as if we had but just escaped from the fearful company of hellish spirits. Donna Anna appeared wholly altered; death-like pallor was spread over her face; the eye was without lustre; her voice was trembling and uncertain; but, for that very reason, of a heart-rending effect in the short duet with the sweet bridegroom, who, since heaven has fortunately saved him from the dangerous office of an avenger, wishes to hold at once his nuptials.

The fugued chorus rounds off the work to a whole in a most masterly manner.

I hastened to my room in the greatest state of excitement which I ever experienced. The waiter called me down to supper, and I followed him mechanically. The company was large, as it was the time of the fair. The representation of *Don Juan* was the subject of conversation. The people generally praised the Italians, and the true conception of their playing, yet the slight remarks that were here and there thrown out showed that hardly any one had but a faint glimmering idea of the deep meaning of the opera of all operas. Don Ottavio had pleased much. Donna Anna had been too passionate for one. This person considered that artists ought to moderate themselves and avoid everything too affecting. Donna Anna's relation of the surprise had almost overwhelmed him. Here he took a pinch of snuff, and looked with an indescribably wild and stupid expression in his neighbour's face, who maintained that the Italian woman was, however, quite beautiful, only too careless in dress and finery. Just in that scene a lock of hair had got unfastened, and shaded the half profile of the face. Now another began to hum, "Fin ch' han dal vino," whereupon a lady observed that she had been least satisfied with Don Juan; the Italian who represented him had been too gloomy and grave, and had not depicted the frivolous, volatile character lightly enough. The last explosion was praised very much. Weary of this shallow talk, I hastened to my room.

(To be continued.)

**JOSEPH JOACHIM.**—The King of Hanover has granted two years' leave of absence to this eminent violinist, without any diminution of his salary as *concertmeister* to the Court. The only conditions imposed upon Herr Joachim—who demanded this favour of his Royal patron, in order to devote the period of his liberty to composition—are, that he shall give a concert, and play at Court, at certain stated intervals, during the winter. The munificence of the King is a significant tribute to the worth of the artist. We hear that Herr Joachim, besides the overture to *Hamlet*, has composed several new works of length and importance.

**THE MENDELSSOHN FUND.**—A scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, is now talked of. *Bi s dat qui cito dat*. The sooner it is done, if it is to be done, the better. Anything is preferable to letting the money lie idle in the hands of a banker. Had it been a Wagner fund, Leipzig would have been up in arms.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Among the candidates for the vacant chair of Mr. Costa, we are informed, is Mr. French Flowers, the original founder of the Contrapuntal Society.

**MAD. JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.**—The bruit goes that Mr. Mitchell, failing to make arrangements with the Cologne *Männer-gesangsverein*, and equally unsuccessful with other German *bieder-tafel* societies, in the course of his peregrinations rested the sole of his foot at Dresden; that, at Dresden, he encountered "the Swedish Nightingale," upon whose tail, like Mr. Barnum, he deposited a pinch of salt; and that the issue will be a series of concerts of sacred music, at Exeter Hall, in the course of the forthcoming season, at which "Jenny" will be the "star and garter" of attraction. *Nous verrons*.



## ORGAN.

## OCTAVE-COUPLERS IN GENERAL.

HAVING, some time since, in noticing an organ built by Mr. Holdich, expressed an opinion adverse to the peculiar species of octave-coupler called the "Diaocton" by that builder, we have had requests from several quarters to state the ground of our dissent. Some of our correspondents appear to think our censure directed against octave-couplers of all kinds,—others, more properly, interpret us to dislike only the Diaocton species. All, however, seem desirous of information; and this we most cheerfully give;—premising, meanwhile, that this information will be most conveniently afforded by means of some general remarks on the subject.

Octave-couplers are divisible into two kinds;—that in which any given note on one manual—say the great organ—commands its octave, above or below, on some other manual—say the swell or choir; and that, on the other hand, in which any note on one manual is made to operate on its octave, above or below, on the same manual. As the latter, or "diaocton" kind—according to Mr. Holdich—was that of which we expressed disapproval, we shall commence with it in our general discussion of the matter. Our first objection to this species of coupler is, that it does not possess the qualities claimed for it by its employers. It is stated, for example, that it "doubles" the power of an organ;—that, by its use, the diapasons become additional principals, the principals additional fifteenthths, and so forth. Now, this statement is an error, arising mainly from a too-common confusion of the terms "power" and "noise." The use of this sort of octave-coupler will, undoubtedly, by a reduplication of the notes pressed by the finger, increase the noise of the instrument; but it by no means follows that its power, in the proper acceptation of the term, will, at the same time, be proportionately enlarged. On the contrary; a slight examination of the just principles of orchestration will suffice to show, that power in the effect of a chord is produced by accumulating a large number of instruments on a small number of notes, rather than by dispersing the force of these instruments over a large number of intervals. The "Diaocton," therefore, offends against this principle, in seeking a "doubled" power from a doubled number of notes having but the same number of pipes to each, instead of gaining it by an increased number of pipes—in other words, an increased volume of sound—accumulated on the actual notes commanded by the fingers. Furthermore, diapasons do not thus become additional principals, principals additional fifteenthths, and so on; except, indeed, in a sense which, if originally applied, would go to make a very bad organ. The octave of a diapason cannot become, or answer as, a principal, under any circumstances. The middle C, for example, of an open diapason, should bear no resemblance, either in force or quality, to the tenor C of a principal; and it is precisely in securing the exact adjustment of these differences of volume and character among the stops forming the harmonic intervals of a full-organ tone, in which consists the climax of the builder's art. Unless these varieties be rigidly consulted in the combination of a full-organ, the result will be an absence of power, and every possible vice of quality ranging between a deadly, drowsy muddle on the one hand, and a watery, bodyless screeching on the other. True it is, that organ builders do not universally, in their practice, evidence their recognition of these principles; but this is merely saying, in other words, that there are too many organs built in which the scaling and voicing—ignorantly or carelessly—are capable of no effect but that of discrediting the claims of the noblest of instruments. Doubtless a coupler of the diaocton species would, as a means of effect, be highly serviceable, if constructed after some sufficiently intelligent and sympathetic fashion to confine its operation to any particular part of the key-board extemporaneously selected by the performer; but as, notwithstanding the advanced state of mechanical science, we may reasonably despair of infusing into wood and metal the requisite quantity of mind for such thoughtful obedience to a player's caprices, the objections already urged against this contrivance must be held sufficient to recommend its disuse.

These objections, however, do not apply to the other kind of

octave-couplers—namely, that in which the octave above or below any note struck on the great organ, is produced on the swell or choir. Doubtless—especially in semi-full combinations—this mechanism, by reason of the greatly differing characters of the two manuals thus connected, yields a large increase both in depth and brilliancy of tone; but power is not primarily its object. Its great use is in procuring combinations and contrasts of quality, otherwise impossible—or, at least, impossible for the hands of a single performer. By its means, for example, the flue-work of one manual can be coupled to the reeds of another at the interval of an octave, or even double octave apart; and as these octaves are entirely under the control of one hand, the remaining hand and the feet are left at liberty for any necessary development of the accompanying parts. The effects thus to be produced, especially in the execution of solos, are as new and charming as they are surprising to the listener. Not only are new qualities of tone—and this in almost endless variety—generated by this means, but harmonic combinations, always obviously desirable and hitherto as obviously impossible, are rendered perfectly easy. As for instance, in organ translations of orchestral works, any peculiarly extended disposition of wind-instrument parts may be rendered with exact fidelity as to the notes, and often with striking resemblance of quality, without absorbing more than one hand in the operation, or, consequently, robbing the score of those more important figures traced out by the motion of the stringed instruments.

These descriptions of octave-couplers have been lately several times introduced into English organs, and always with the best possible result. As our performers grow more familiarised with their peculiar uses, the importance of their presence becomes more manifest. No organ, of even second-class pretension, should, in our judgment, be constructed without them; and any annoyance they may occasion by the necessarily increased weight of touch, may be at once removed by the adoption of another mechanism quite as indispensable to large instruments—we mean the Pneumatic Lever.

MR. AND MRS. BRINLEY RICHARDS have returned to Town from Whitland Abbey, the seat of the Hon. Mr. Yelverton, in South Wales.

HERR ERNST is composing a new violin concerto expressly for his young and gifted compatriot, Joseph Joachim. The great German artist has also, we understand, nearly finished a quartet for stringed instruments.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN WIECK, the pianist of Leipsic, who in spite of her Continental renown of twenty years standing, has never been heard in England, will arrive here in the spring, for the London season.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On *du* that Mr. A. Wigan is about to produce another adaptation of Casimir Delavigne's *Louis XI.*, in which Mr. Robson is to play the principal part.

CECILIAN SOCIETY.—On Thursday evening the *Messiah* was again given by this Society at the Albion Hall, Moorfields. The soloists were Miss Pringle and Miss Anne Cox; Messrs. Dawson, J. T. Hill, and Henry Buckland. Mr. Shoubridge had the *bâton*. Miss Anne Cox deserves particular mention for her sweet voice, and the truth and delicacy with which she sang, "Come unto him," and "Thou didst not leave." The chorus acquitted themselves with creditable precision. Would we could say as much for the instrumentalists; but we must again express our surprise that these small societies cannot continue either to amend their orchestras, or to suppress them altogether.

DER FREISCHÜTZ "REDIVIVUS."—Several full rehearsals have already proved what care the administration of the Théâtre-Lyrique is taking for the revival of Weber's *Robin des Bois* (*Der Freischütz*). We were present at one of them, and predict for the representation of this immortal *chef-d'œuvre* a success equal to that of Hérold's *Pré-aux-Clercs* at the Opéra-Comique. The splendid costumes and decorations attest the intelligence and artistic taste of M. Perrin. We are delighted with the anticipations of this *fête*, which will, no doubt, attract on Monday evening the *élite* of the press and of the Parisian world to the Théâtre-Lyrique.—*Message des Théâtres*, Jan. 15.

## PARIS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

PARIS, 14th January.

The *Société des Concerts* gave their first concert, for the season, this afternoon, in the music room of the Conservatoire. I annex the programme:—

Huitième Symphonie, en <i>fa</i> ... ..	Beethoven.
Madrigal (Mmes. Miolan-Carvalho et Boulart)...	Clari.
Solo, clarinette (M. Leroy) ... ..	Beer.
Air, <i>Montano</i> (Mme. Miolan-Carvalho)...	Berton.
Quatrième Symphonie, en <i>ut</i> ... ..	Mozart.
" <i>Alleluia</i> ," <i>chœur</i> ... ..	Händel.

The above, as you see, presents no novelty, for both Beethoven's symphony in *F*, and Mozart's "Jupiter" have long since become familiar to every London concert-goer. Yet, I confess that in some respects they appeared new to me; for it was the first time that I heard them played at the Conservatoire. Such is the precision, clearness, and delicacy of execution, to which this celebrated orchestra has attained, that even the most minute details are distinctly brought out; thus, many passages that appear obscure when less perfectly executed, become intelligible; while effects are produced that are totally unknown in orchestras where less attention is paid to the various gradations of light and shade. In this sense, I heard much that was new to me. Considering the extreme care bestowed on rehearsals by the Parisian Society, and that the executants have all been trained in the same school of music, it is no disparagement to our own countrymen to say, that in *ensemble* and finish the orchestra of the Conservatoire is far superior to any that England has hitherto produced. We bring together artists from all parts of Europe; and, having filled a list with well known, or even celebrated names, we seem to think that nothing further is necessary. One, two, or, at the utmost, three rehearsals are considered sufficient to ensure the perfect performance of any composition, no matter how difficult; and the result is that our standard of excellence is not the highest. We have, doubtless, many good qualities; we are capital readers at sight; in power and quality of tone our orchestras are probably unequalled; but we are deficient in that delicacy which can only be attained by long, patient, and strict rehearsal—rehearsal of the same artists under one and the same conductor.

I have mentioned our power of tone, and I am inclined to think that the London Philharmonic Society's orchestra may be more powerful than that of the Conservatoire, yet the latter exhibits many more gradations from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*. I don't suppose a real *pianissimo*, such as I heard to-day at the beginning of the last movement of the *F* symphony, has ever been produced by an English orchestra; with us, individuals like to hear themselves; they habitually play with so nearly the full power of their instruments, that very little increase can be obtained when wanted; and, in dealing with an amount of tone whose very loudness makes it unwieldy, conductors are sometimes led to exaggerate accents which should be merely indicated, producing a spasmodic effect, very different from real light and shade. To illustrate my meaning, I may remind you how the first bars of the quick movement in the overture to Mozart's *Zauberflöte* are usually played by our orchestras; and, again, in Beethoven's *F* symphony, the very first phrase of the minuet. The reading of this latter by the orchestra of the Conservatoire was admirable, and in the trio the violoncello accompaniment to the melody given out by the horns was most effective, being played by the several violoncellists with wonderful *ensemble*.\*

The well known Allegretto was taken faster than is usual with us; but this is in accordance with the German traditions, as I observed two years since when Molière conducted this symphony at Miss Goddard's concert. The *Madrigal* was well sung by Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho and Boulart; Mozart's symphony was magnificently played; and indeed the performance was excellent throughout; although neither the choruses nor the solo singers were equal to the instrumentalists.

\* Beethoven allotted this accompaniment to one only.—Ed.

I trust it will not be supposed that I undervalue English musicians, or decri English taste. I only wish to call attention to the fact that we do not turn to the best account the resources which we undoubtedly possess. Our orchestras have greatly improved within the last few years; and even those who question the exclusive pre-eminence of Mr. Costa, must acknowledge that he has done valuable service in advancing "musical discipline." But we are still contented with a comparatively low standard of excellence. That we by no means lack native talent has been shown by the performances of the Orchestral Union under the able guidance of Mr. Alfred Mellon; and though that excellent society has not met with the support which it deserved, still a step has been made in the right direction; and I hope the time is not far distant when the public, surfeited with monster concerts (most of which, by the way, have been got up by *foreigners*) will have learnt to prefer quality to quantity; and will come forward to encourage those true musicians who seek to purify and elevate their art: who love and cultivate it for its own sake; and not merely for the amount of profit which it may bring.

W.—

## PARIS.

(From another Correspondent.)

THE long-expected drama, in five acts, which M. Scribe has written expressly for Madlle. Rachel—the last new work in which that celebrated actress will appear previous to her departure for the United States—was produced on Monday night (the 15th instant), at the Théâtre-Français, with entire success. All the world of letters, art, and science, all the *feuilletonistes*, with M. Jules Janin at their head, were present, and the Emperor and Empress occupied their box on the occasion. It was a *fête* for the incomparable actress, whose loss can never be made up, and whose glory is that of the dramatic art in France.

*La Czarine* is the name of the play. The heroine is the Empress Catherine (Rachel), whose amour with the Count Sapiéha (Bressant) is the basis of the plot. Peter the Great (Beauvallet) has already decapitated another lover of the Empress; but Sapiéha is not to be daunted by this, and the intrigue goes on. Catherine makes a confidant of Prince Mentzikoff (Geffroy)—first of his line, and ancestor of the hero of Sévastopol. The Prince, however, has a daughter, Olga (Madlle. Fix), who has also conceived a passion for the brilliant young Count, and confesses it to her father. Mentzikoff, at first intending to betray the secret of the Empress, is now puzzled what to do. Meanwhile Sapiéha, who accepts the office of Chamberlain, obtains a secret interview with Catherine; but unfortunately drops the key of the pavillion to which he has gained admission. The key is found by Villerbik (Monrose), a Dutch adventurer, who takes it to the Czar. Peter, exasperated with anger, is on the point of sacrificing everybody. Sapiéha, however, being questioned, replies that the partner of his secret *rendezvous* was Olga, one of the Queen's maids of honour. The will of the Czar is that they shall be married forthwith; and his will being law, they are wedded without delay. The marriage, however, only makes matters worse. The Empress, frantic with jealousy, goes to the house of Sapiéha, and Olga overhears their interview. The Czar, tormented with suspicions, interrogates Olga, who, to save her husband, avows what was untrue—that it was she who received him in the pavillion. Sapiéha, touched by this devotion, writes a letter, which he himself delivers to Catherine while the Czar is asleep. Olga, entering as he retires, sees the letter delivered, and utters a cry which awakens the despot. The Empress, to save herself, confides the letter to Olga; but Peter, having perceived it, insists upon reading it. Olga, however, by a glance at its contents, at once detects Sapiéha's avowal of love for herself and his words of farewell to the Empress, whom he resolves to see no more. Overcome with joy, she resolutely refuses to let the Czar have the letter, and the tyrant, snatching it from her, in his rage, condemns Sapiéha to the scaffold and Olga to Siberia. The execution is about to take place, and Peter drags Catherine to the window, that she

may see the dreadful preparations. The plan of the Czar is to discover, through the emotion displayed in the countenance of the Empress, whether she is really guilty. An accomplished hypocrite, however, she thoroughly deceives him, and Sapiéha is pardoned. Catherine, who had concealed a dagger wherewith to stab herself no sooner than the executioner should have performed his task, now believes herself saved; but the Czar, still not entirely at his ease, pulls out the letter of Sapiéha, which he has obtained from Olga, and shows it to Catherine, who, unable to smother her feelings, explodes in a fit of jealousy. It is now her turn; Peter condemns her to die, but, just as he is about to sign the order for her execution, he is seized with a sudden fit of agony and expires. Mentzikoff, to save his daughter Olga, had given him poison.

Catherine is then proclaimed Czarine, in spite of a faithful partisan of the dead Czar, who attempts to address the populace from the palace. "It is too cold to have the window open," whispers Villerbik, the Dutchman—who from the creature of the Czar has now become the accomplice of Mentzikoff—and drawing a pistol from under his cloak he directed it at the head of the threatening orator; the latter, convinced by its silent eloquence, retires.

Such, very briefly, is a digest of the story of M. Scribe's new play, the morality of which will strike you forcibly. The acting, however, was so good on all sides, and that of Rachel so thoroughly magnificent, that its success was unequivocal, and M. Scribe may be said to have added another laurel to his wreath. The enthusiasm of the audience for Rachel was boundless, and she was called on and cheered after every act.

## FOREIGN.

BERLIN.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Auber's charming opera of *Fra Diavolo* has been revived at the Royal Opera House, after having been neglected for too long a time. Its popularity seems as great as ever, and the house is crammed every time it is performed. The part of the brigand chief is sustained by Herr Theodor Formes, and that of Zerlina by Mad. Herrenburger. The management of Kroll's theatre has displayed laudable activity since the return of the company to Berlin, from its trip to Potsdam. It has just produced Mr. Balfé's *Quatre Fils d'Aymon* (which had never been performed before in this capital), and Auber's *Marco Spada*. Both these works had been very carefully rehearsed, and were well put upon the stage. The result is that they have both proved great "hits." M. Roger was greatly applauded at the concert for the benefit of the *Gustav-Auolph Verein*, especially in the air from Méhul's *Joseph in Egypt*. He was not quite so successful in the "Erlkönig," of Schubert. It is generally admitted by the *dilettanti* here that M. Roger is more at home on the stage than in the concert-room. The second series of Liebig's *Sinfonie-Soirées* began last week. The programme comprised Cherubini's *Anacreon* overture, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Dr. Pohl's overture to *Jessonda*, and one of Haydn's symphonies in D major. The whole performance went off with the greatest éclat. The room was densely crowded. The king has just presented a magnificent edition of J. S. Bach's works to Herr Neithardt, as a token of his Majesty's approbation of the zeal and energy displayed by that gentleman in conducting the Königlicher Dom-Chor. Herr Alfred Jaell, who accompanied Mad. Sontag during her American tour, as pianist, has arrived, but is at present unable to appear in public on account of an injury he has sustained in his hand. Allegri's "Miserere," a copy of which was brought from Rome by Herr von Dachröden, as it is sung in the Sixtine Chapel, is announced for performance at the third *soirée* of the Königlicher Dom-Chor, on the 20th. This will be an event of especial interest to all who remember the anecdote of Mozart's writing down the score from memory after two hearings.

HANOVER.—On the 2nd instant the King gave a private concert to which a select party were invited. Vivier, Roger, and Joachim were the artists. Roger sang a romance with *obligato* horn accompaniment composed by Vivier ("When o'er the meads"). The effect produced was so great that the King re-

demanded it, and would not listen to any other *morceau* for an hour afterwards. The programme was therefore suspended. Vivier afterwards played one of Schubert's melodies, and improvised a cadence introducing some of his extraordinary effects. Roger sang, in German, Schubert's "Erl König," and a pretty melody by Membreé. Joachim played several pieces on the violin with the greatest success. Vivier and Roger have left to give concerts together at Brunswick and Berlin.

HAMBURG, January 15.—Miss Arabella Goddard, who has been making so great a sensation in Germany, appeared at a concert here on Saturday last, and took the Hamburgers by storm. She played Mendelssohn's first concerto (in G minor) some of his *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Thalberg's fantasia on *Mossé* after all of which she was rapturously applauded, and recalled, besides being encored in the *Lieder*.

LEIPSIK, January 15.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Thursday evening, at the famous Gewandhaus concerts, Miss Arabella Goddard, the young English pianist, made quite a *furor*. She played Mendelssohn's second concerto (in D minor) and was recalled after her performance and enthusiastically cheered. In the second part, Miss Goddard performed Stephen Heller's charming *improvisation* on Mendelssohn's "Auf flügen des Gesanges," and was unanimously encored. At the end of the concert, Herr Schleinitz, one of the most intimate friends of Mendelssohn, congratulated the young pianist, and declared that, since the death of his lamented friend, he had never heard his music played to such perfection.

DANTSIC.—Der *Freischütz* was given for the 150th time on this stage, in honour of Weber's birthday, when a *pièce de circonstance*, with six *tableaux vivants*, the subjects selected from Weber's works, was performed.

VIENNA.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mdlle. Westerstrand from Stockholm, has appeared at the Imperial Opera-house, as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. The impression she produced was far from favourable, and I do not suppose she will sing here again. Donizetti's *Belisario* has been revived at the Kärnthnertheater Theatre. The performance, on the whole, was anything but satisfactory. The piece, however, attracts great numbers anxious to hear an opera which has not been given for so long a time. The principal parts are sustained by Mad. Hermann-Czillag, Mdlle. Titjens, Herren Beck, Steger, and Hölzl. There is a great deal of truth contained in the old English proverb, "It never rains but it pours." For some time past, as I have informed you frequently in my letters, there has been hardly anything doing in the musical line. This last week, however, we have had more concerts than any one correspondent of a newspaper could possibly attend; most of them, however, were of little importance. The principal were that given by the violinist, Herr Ludwig Strauss, on the morning of the 7th inst., in the Musikvereinsaal; and the fourth quartet concert on the same day, by Herren Helmesberger, Durst, Häussler, and Schlesinger. The novelty of the last was a new trio for piano, violin, and violoncello by Herr L. Zellner. The composer has the misfortune to have too good a memory, which is evidenced by his plagiarisms from Mozart and Mendelssohn. A concert has also taken place, in which Master Emil and Miss Therese Feigler, the one a violinist aged eleven, the other a singer aged thirteen, appeared. The boy played Rode's concerto in A minor and an *air varié* by De Beriot; the girl sang Kücken's "Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen," and Mad. Malibran's "Rataplan."

## PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The fifth concert of the Classical Chamber Music Society took place in the Town Hall, on Thursday, January 11. The following was the programme:

Trio (No. 4) (in B flat, Op. 133), Spohr; Sonata Appassionata—pianoforte (in F minor, Op. 57), Beethoven; Trio (No. 2) (in C minor, Op. 66), Mendelssohn; Souvenirs de Sonnambula—violoncello, Piatti; Melodies—violin and pianoforte (Allegro, B minor, Allegretto, E major), Molique; Solo—pianoforte (Studies), Chopin.

The executants were M. Charles Hallé, Herr Molique, and Signor Piatti. Spohr's Trio had great justice done to it by all three performers. M. Hallé made a strong impression in the *Sonata appassionata* of Beethoven, which he played from memory,



and was loudly applauded. Mendelssohn's Trio was also very finely executed by the three able artists. Sig. Piatti's *Souvenirs de Sonnambula* and Herr Molique's two solos were equally charming in their way. M. Hallé accompanied both, and in the three studies of Chopin exhibited his accustomed power. The room was full and the applause hearty.

**MERTHYR.**—(From a Correspondent.)—A "Grand Conversation," intended to keep up the character of the Merthyr Musical Union, took place at the Temperance Hall on Tuesday night (9th). The fine and spacious hall was filled in every part. We had three artists from London—Mrs. Alfred Gilbert and Miss Susannah Cole, sisters, vocalists; and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, pianist. The Society's local orchestra attended. Besides the "Londoners," there assisted Mr. Wilkes, the well-known and much appreciated pianist, to whom the Society are so much indebted; the Misses Taylor and Wait, vocalists; and the Messrs. Hopkins, Davies, Edwards, Hughes, Haddock, Faulkner, and Llewellyn, who sang catches. The Saturday Evening Concerts are going on swimmingly.

**MAIDSTONE.**—A concert, under the auspices of the Literary and Mechanics' Institute, took place in the Corn Exchange, on Wednesday evening, the 10th, the singers being the Misses Brougham, Mr. Henri Drayton, and Mr. Augustus Braham. Mr. F. Chatterton performed on the harp, and Mr. George Case on the concertina.

**BLACKBURN.**—Steps are being taken towards establishing a Philharmonic Society in Blackburn. A preliminary meeting was held on Monday, at the Angel Inn, King-street, when a committee was appointed to obtain members and to call a general meeting in aid of this laudable object. The society will be established in connexion with the Gentlemen's Amateur Band.

**LEEDS.**—At the People's Concert on Thursday last (the 11th), Haydn's *Seasons*, Mendelssohn's *finale* to *Lorely*, and the overture and *finale* to *Fidelio* were played before a large audience. The principal vocalists were Madame Newton Frodsham, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. Hichcliffe. Herr Jahns, the Hungarian tenor, sang two songs with great applause. One, called "Kossuth," composed by himself, was encored. Mr. Spark conducted the whole of the performance.

**WORCESTER.**—Mr. Henry Phillips gave his entertainment, entitled "The City of the Sultan," at the Natural History Room, on Wednesday evening the 10th instant. The lecture was illustrated with drawings, painted from sketches by various artists, taken on the spot; and in the musical department Mr. Phillips sang several descriptive *scenas* with much ability. He also favoured the company with some sketches of American life and manners, and sang a new version of words to the air of "The British Grenadiers," and Dibdin's well-known song "Twas post meridian."

**THIRSK.**—On Monday the 8th, an evening concert was given in the Assembly Rooms, Savings' Bank, by Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Alfred Pierre, and Mr. Frank Bodda.

**BRISTOL.**—Mr. H. C. Cooper, the well-known and talented violinist, gave a concert at the Victoria Rooms, on Monday evening, the 8th instant. The band, numerous and efficient, was selected from the Royal Italian Opera, Philharmonic Society, and Orchestral Union. The local journals speak in terms of much praise of Miss Milner, a new soprano, who made her second appearance before a Bristol audience at Mr. Cooper's concert. Her singing of the favourite and very difficult bravura song from *Ernani*, "Ernani, involami," has been specially mentioned. In Mozart's "Non mi dir," the *débutante* was not so entirely successful. Mr. Cooper's concert appears to have been a first-rate one, judging from the programme and the executants. The overtures to *La Gazza Ladra*, *Leonora*, *Ruy Blas*, and *Masaniello* were executed by the band in a superior style, and all loudly applauded. Mr. Cooper played one of his brilliant solos on the violin with the greatest possible effect, and several other members of the orchestra played solos. Mr. Frank Mori conducted. The room was crowded.

## PIRACY IN THE COLONIES.

A CORRESPONDENT at Melbourne, Victoria (N.S.W.) has forwarded to us the following list of musical compositions which have been lately reprinted in Sydney, without the license of the proprietors in England. We believe we are correct in stating that the laws of England afford equal protection to owners of copyrights in the colonies as in the mother country. It would, therefore, follow, that a fraud has been perpetrated under the hope that the distance of the locality would prevent its detection. It is not long since the government of Cape Colony passed a law to license the free importation of American reprints of British copyrights into the colony. Here, then, are two more instances of the freedom with which intellectual property is constantly being treated by the world. These may be added to the many other disadvantages which we lately pointed out as surrounding the musical investments of publishers. What with legal pirates at home, and illegal pirates abroad, they must have enough to do to counteract all their opponents:

### AUSTRALIAN REPRINTS.

Beautiful Venice.	In this old chair.
Do not mingle one human feeling.	Madoline.
Four-leaved shamrock.	She wore a wreath of roses.
Fairy bay.	Scenes that are brightest.
Farewell, but whenever.	Will you love me then as now.
Farewell to the mountain.	Oh, charming May.
Isle of beauty.	All's well.
I dreamt that I dwelt.	I know a bank.
Kathleen Mavourneen.	My pretty page.
Land of the west.	When a little farm we keep.
Love not.	What are the wild waves saying.
Light of other days.	Bohemian Polka.
Maid of Judah.	Beaufort "
Norah, the pride of Kildare.	Bridal "
Old house at home.	Annen "
Sweetly o'er my senses stealing.	Redowa "
'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel.	Helena "
Those evening bells.	Camelia "
We have lived and loved together.	Devonshire "
Art thou in tears.	Firefly "
Jeannette and Jeannot.	Spirit of the ball Galop.
By the sad sea waves.	Prima donna Waltzes.
Dermot Astore.	Olga "
Dearest, then I'll love you more.	Bridal "
In happy moments.	Royal Irish Quadrilles.
I'm afloat.	

**MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S SECOND LECTURE.**—If the first lecture was quaint and curious, the second was interesting and instructive. The invention and development of the pianoforte was the theme. Mr. Salaman informs us that the inventor of the pianoforte was an Italian, Bartolomeo Cristofali. This has been disputed, but the lecturer has authority for his opinion, and adduced arguments not to be answered easily. The attempts to improve the harpsichord originated the modern instrument. The quill *plectra* were superseded by hammers, and thus the harpsichord modulated naturally into the piano. Mr. Salaman displayed much research at this point of his lecture. From the year 1711 down to 1821, all the various improvements in mechanical construction were shown, and some pertinent anecdotes introduced. The mention of the Messrs. Broadwood's name, in connection with the subject of patents and improvements, was received by the audience with marked approval. After alluding to the gradual progress in the pianoforte towards perfection, and the various distinguished manufacturers, Mr. Salaman turned to the pitch of the tuning-fork, which, since Händel's time, has been raised more than a major third. He introduced the tuning-forks of Händel, of Sir George Smart, and of Mr. Costa. The first, instead of striking the C, as now established, gave out the A below; and the second was nearly half a tone flatter than the third. From this it seems evident that the keys are entirely altered since Händel, and that what was easy to sing a century ago is now difficult, if not impossible. When Mozart wrote his music for the Queen of Night in the *Zauberflöte*, it was less

beyond the compass of the *soprano* register. Now none but extraordinary voices can attempt it. In the course of time this gradual raising of the pitch may destroy singing altogether. Mr. Salaman advanced some useful suggestions about "touch" in pianoforte playing, by which, it is to be hoped, some of the young ladies present may profit. The lecture comprised many other subjects upon which we have not time to enter, and concluded with a brief review of some of the most distinguished pianists and composers. The musical illustrations consisted of Haydn's *Adagio* in B, from the sonata in E flat, No. 7; the first movement of Sebastian Bach's concerto, called *Nello Stile Italiano*; Clementi's sonatas in C, the first movement (Op. 34); the whole of Philip Emanuel Bach's sonata in B flat; the *Allegro Maestoso* from Steibelt's sonata, dedicated to Mad. Bonaparte; Weber's *Adagio* in F, from sonata in C, Op. 24; and Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Presto Agitato* in B minor. Mr. Salaman executed these pieces with the best effect, and was loudly applauded in each. Haydn's *Adagio* and Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Presto* appeared to please the most. The lecture was delivered with clearness and point. The concert-room of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, where it was given, was well attended.

## REVIEWS.

- No. 1.—"ADORATION," Sacred Song. Music by G. E. L. R. Duff and Hodgson.  
 No. 2.—"I'M AN ELFIN SPRITE." Song. Music by Alphonso Matthey. C. Lonsdale.  
 No. 3.—"FAIRY GOLD." Ballad. Music by G. Townshend Smith. Chappell.  
 No. 4.—"THE FISHERMAN." Song. Music by Henry Leslie. Jullien and Co.  
 No. 5.—"OVER THE CALM AND SLUMBERING SEA." Song. Words and Music by Charles H. Compton. Cramer, Beale, and Co.  
 No. 6.—"PETRIFICATION." Music by George Barker. Cramer, Beale, and Co.  
 No. 7.—"CHURCH MUSIC." (No. 3.) Composed by James Tilleard. J. Alfred Novello.  
 No. 8.—"THE BRITON'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY." Part Song. Music by J. Tilleard. J. Alfred Novello.  
 No. 9.—"STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT." Music by C. H. Compton. Cramer, Beale, and Co.  
 No. 10.—"EXCELSIOR." Music by Charles F. Hempel. Charles Jeffreys.  
 No. 11.—"LET US THEN CHEERILY WAIT FOR THE SPRING." Music by George Lindridge. Charles C. Ayles, Hastings—and H. Tolkien, London.

No. 1—"Adoration"—set to Tom Moore's pretty verses, beginning "The turf shall be my fragrant shrine," has nothing sacred in the character of its melody, although it is entitled "sacred song." The style is a *melée* of Balfe and Bellini, and the accompaniment springs from the same sources. If the composer—G. E. L. R.—be an amateur, which may be guessed from the fact of his withholding his name, the song, which is neither ungraceful nor incorrectly written, must certainly be pronounced creditable to his talent.

No. 2—"I'm an elfin sprite"—is pretty, and would be more acceptable if the harmony of the accompaniment were simple and less strained. The "elfin sprite" is represented as very fidgety and restless, in Mr. Matthey's music. His interrupted cadences, moreover, are not always happy—instance page 4, where the chord of 6, 4, 2, on C natural, falls upon the 6, 4, on B—a clumsy way of suspending the full close in G. In his suspensions, too, Mr. Matthey should be careful to avoid such mistakes as that at the foot of page 2, where the voice has B in the common chord of G, while, in the accompaniment, C, the fourth, remains suspended. There are three subjects in this song, all of which possess a certain amount of character. The words of Doctor Doran, on the "Where the bee sucks" pattern, are lively and flowing, if not original.

No. 3—"Fairy Gold"—is a ballad without pretence; but the melody is frank, and the accompaniment carefully written. The last four bars at the end of each verse are pretty, and remind us of a passage in the first of Mendelssohn's six songs, dedicated to Miss Dolby, which is in the same key—E major. The words of Mr. A. F. Westmacott embody, in sufficiently graceful verse, the legend of the Fairy Gold, which when once the night and the elves have vanished, appeared as nothing but dry leaves. Mr. G. Townshend Smith, the composer, is well-known as the

organist of the Hereford Cathedral, and conductor of the Hereford Festivals.

No. 4—"The Fisherman"—belongs to a more ambitious school of vocal music. It is, in fact, a *scena*, founded on Monk Lewis's metrical legend of the Water-Lady (Qy. Mermaid?) who catches, instead of being caught by, the fisherman. The story is well illustrated in the music, which is dramatic and highly coloured. There is something of the Schubert manner in the treatment of the accompaniment, which may be termed "descriptive" with propriety, and in the very seductive melody by which the artful river-nymph succeeds in persuading the unfortunate fisherman to take a plunge in her company. The song is very clever, and will suit either a bass or a *contralto*. It merits the attention of our concert vocalists.

No. 5—"Over the calm and slumbering sea"—is another "Mermaid" song, of which the words and music (both by Mr. C. H. Compton) are in some degree a parody on that of Weber in *Oberon*. Originality apart, to which it has no pretence, this essay of Mr. Compton may be pronounced graceful. The accompaniment shows the hand of a careful musician.

No. 6—"Petrification"—to some cheerless but touching verses by Mrs. Norton, is lachrymose, dull, and oppressively monotonous, without presenting a single point for comment—unless it is to the bare fifth—(page 1, bar 1, line 3), which, to be in any key at all, requires the addition of the minor third.

No. 7—"Hark! the Herald Angels sing"—a Christmas Hymn, remarkably well voiced, and harmonised in four parts, begins too much like the chorus, "He that shall endure," in the second part of *Elijah*; and the same key is used—F major. The rest calls for nothing but praise. Mr. Tilleard is evidently a musician, and knows his business well.

No. 8—"The Briton's Address to the Navy"—is another good example of Mr. Tilleard's skill as a writer in four parts for voices. Moreover, the melody is marked and characteristic, and the bold union, followed by the still bolder passage in full harmony, which terminates each verse, is a point worthy of Arne, or even Purcell. We object, however, to the alteration of Dibdin's words.

No. 9—"Stars of the Summer Night"—is worthy of the poetry to which it is allied—one of Longfellow's chastest lyrics. This is really a beautiful serenade—melodious, flowing, and charmingly accompanied. The point at the *reprise*—where, after an interrupted cadence, the voice sustains the same note for several bars, while the subject is given in the accompaniment—declares an amount of musical taste for which Mr. Compton had not prepared us in his "Mermaid" song, reviewed above, but for which we now are most happy in being enabled to give him full credit.

No. 10—"Excelsior" (like the hero of the poem)—exhibits a strong aspiration for something beautiful which apparently is not quite attained. The words by Longfellow (Shelley's *Alastor* in a nut-shell) are difficult to set, and Mr. Hempel has assumed a form too fragmentary to be satisfying. The song begins in D flat and ends in B flat minor; but that is the least objection. Every time the word "Excelsior" occurs, it is led up to by a sort of half recitation, half *cantabile*, never completed, and always in a new key. Thus we have about eight fragments in eight keys,—skillfully joined together we allow, and written with undeviating purity, but helplessly ineffective for the reasons suggested. We conceive that Mr. Hempel's desire was to illustrate, by the wandering and unsettled form of his music, the continued and vain search of the youth after the unfindable; but it is questionable whether such a subject is fit for music; or whether, if used, it should not rather be forced into the conditions of music than *vice versa*. We leave this to be decided by poets and musicians between them—satisfied to pay the clever organist of St. Mary's, Truro, our compliment for the musical spirit exhibited in his composition, which, however we may cavil about forms, is too evident to escape observation.

No. 11—"Let us then cheerily wait for the Spring"—is a *winter* song, as may be guessed from its title. It has been written and published with a good object—viz: the benefit of the Patriotic Fund. It is to be hoped, then, that the sale may be large. The words, by Mr. Arthur Ransom, are poetical, and show talent, inasmuch as they indicate the power of the author to treat a hackneyed subject in anything but a common-place manner. The music, though appropriately simple and unpretending, is written in a musicianlike manner; and there is a smack of the old English tone about the melody which suits the words, and by no means detracts from the merits of the song, the sentiment of which, on the contrary, it enhances. At the bottom of page 2 (bar 2) there are fifths between an inner part and the bass, in the accompaniment (A, E,—B, F sharp), which may as well be expunged in future editions. The "Winter-song" of Mr. Lindridge will, then, be critically unassailable as it is lively and pretty.

## NOTICE.

*In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of THE MUSICAL WORLD, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.*

*It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the Musical World, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.*

*CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.*

*TO ORGANISTS.—The articles on the new organs, published in the volume for 1854, will be found in the following numbers: 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A PROFESSIONAL CHORUS SINGER.**—*It is necessary to inform our correspondent, and all whom it may concern, that we can print no letters whatever on this or any other subject, in which personal matters or individual interests are discussed, without the name and address of the writers, "not necessarily"—to use the words of a great morning contemporary—"for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." We are quite ready to take up the cause of any injured members of the musical profession, but must decline to commit ourselves to unauthenticated statements. And, indeed, no right thinking persons will demand such a sacrifice at our hands.*

**SUBSCRIBER TO THE OPERA.**—*Maria Felicia Garcia made her first appearance in this country on Monday, June the 6th, 1825, at the Philharmonic Concerts. On the following Saturday she appeared, in Meyerbeer's opera of Il Crociato in Egitto, at the King's Theatre, "when," says a journalist of the day, in somewhat slipshod language, "she fully justified our prognostications and acquitted herself in a style at once full of promise of immediate pleasure, and of highly cultivated talent"—which, by the way, is all he says, and, considering the style of his saying, which is "full of immediate" bad English, quite enough.*

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20TH, 1855.

THE letter of A Chorus Singer, in our last number, and the comments we felt it our duty to make, seem to have produced a strong impression. That the subject is one which calls for strict inquiry, and that those most nearly concerned in it are entitled to protection, as much as any other class of the musical profession, will hardly be denied. The members of the vocal and instrumental orchestras are like the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers of an army, without whom all the colonels and generals in the world would be at a stand-still. You cannot perform an oratorio or a symphony without the first, any more than you can fight an action or carry on a siege without the last. Admitting, therefore, that from their numbers and subordinate position—head taking precedence of sinew in all transactions of life—they must, of necessity, get worse pay, for harder labour, than their superiors, it is not less true that, unless the great mass which moves at the order and accomplishes the designs of its chieftains, be well cared for, and in comfortable circumstances, the whole machine must inevitably get out of order.

The vicious effect of the present system is every day being felt more severely. While principal singers, solo

players, and conductors, are obtaining higher and higher terms for their services—the value of which we by no means desire to understate—the musical host itself, the choristers and "ripieni" fiddlers, the bone and muscle, the arms and legs, of the war, are falling gradually into neglect. In taking up their cause, let it not be supposed that we are unmindful of the Menenian fable, and that, to feed the members, we would starve the belly and dry up the resources of the brain. By no means. We merely wish to call attention to the fact, that, if the brain and the belly appropriate all, the members must sooner or later wither and paralyse—for the blood that circulates is the source of activity, and indispensable to all. The organs of intellect, and the great store-house, can do nothing of themselves, where there is nothing to turn thought into deed, and nothing to nourish by distribution.

To quit metaphor—let us ask, if it is right that those agents, without whose voices and fiddlesticks Händel and Beethoven would be dumb where they ought to be most eloquent and sublime, should receive such scanty consideration and be treated as scurvily as though they were merely chaff or riff-raff? No. It is a manifest injustice. When we are listening to the mighty choruses of *Israel in Egypt* and *Elijah*, when we are spell-bound by the mystic magnificence of the *Choral Symphony*, while acknowledging the talent and decision of the conductor, and the experience of the leading singers and players, we cannot but think at the same instant, and with grateful recognition, of the inestimable services of those numberless voices and instruments, without whose aid the gyrations of the *bâton* would be no more than dumb-show, and the efforts of the "principal performers" puny and insignificant at the best. The world is too apt to emulate the crowd of dancers at a masquerade, who call out "Music!" in a tone of anything but respect, if not indeed of ill-repressed contempt—forgetful that, in the absence of the rhythmic harmony which they regard with such apparent hauteur and indifference, their saltatory evolutions would be simply ridiculous, instead of pleasurable and exciting. It is much the same when a *prima donna* turns round, with a kind of half compassion, half disdain, to the band—as much as to say, "Mind what you are about, or I, the soul of all this music, will not sing;" or when a *chef-d'orchestre* flourishes his stick, and in a tone of authoritative egotism, exclaims "Now, then!"—as if the whole depended on the piece of polished wood in his hand, with which he beats the stated measurements of time. How would the *prima donna* feel, if the players were to fail her at a pinch?—or the conductor, if the wave of his peremptory *bâton* were to be answered in solemn silence? How they might feel, we shall not pretend to say; how they would look, it is unnecessary to explain.

With this deep conviction of the importance of the chorus and the orchestra, it will be easily understood that we—whose office it is to uphold the interests of *all the musical community*, quite as much as to weigh the pretensions of individual performers, and portray the march of artistic events—should consider it a bounden duty to come to their assistance whenever we are called upon, to act as their retained advocates when their cause is just, and as their honest counsel when we conceive them to be in error. The questions, therefore, of the chorus-singers proper, and of the relative positions of amateurs and professors, are declared *open questions*, free to be discussed in our columns by all who may feel disposed to avoid personalities, while speaking the truth without prejudice or fear.



THERE is but one theme on the carpet at the present moment in our restless busy world of music. Who is to be the future conductor of the Philharmonic (the *old* Philharmonic) Concerts? Who is to undertake the perilous responsibility of filling up the place left vacant by no less a man than Signor Michael Costa? We have thrown out many hints and suggestions, as our readers know; but all of them have proved unfounded. The question is still a vexed one; and we, as the pipes that convey the springs of information on all matters of musical interest to the very households of our readers, are vexed at being unable to solve it. Nevertheless, though by no means behind the curtain, we have some suspicion of what passes there; and the bruits and whispers of those mysterious recesses, in vulgar theatrical phraseology denominated "*coulisses*," are not entirely withheld from us. We shall then disclose, without further preamble, what has come to our knowledge since we last addressed our readers.

When it was decided that M. Berlioz could not manage to release himself from his compact with Dr. Wylde and the New Philharmonic Society (which he would willingly have done, had he possessed the ways and means), the composer of Faust's "Damnation" was abandoned to his fate. It was impossible for him to appear at the head of both the rival Societies—not from any punctilio on his own side, but from the very natural objection of the elder Society to such a division of his time and influence. Foiled in their endeavours to obtain the services of one of the foreign conductors who had been summoned from across the seas to direct the proceedings of their formidable rival at Exeter Hall, and came to the sapient resolution of applying to another. *Proh pudor!* The *bâton* decided upon was that of the highly respectable *Kapellmeister* of Stuttgart, Herr Peter von Lindpaintner. Peter was to be applied to without delay; but in case that his very hard taskmaster, the King of all the Wurtemburgs, refused Peter so protracted a leave of absence, the Philharmonic stick should be vested, without further palaver, in the hands of Mr. Charles Lucas, a director, who, on one occasion, had distinguished himself as Sig. Costa's substitute, when the great Neapolitan *bâtonnier* declined to conduct the overture to *Parasina*. Thus was the decision of the seven directors. "The appearance of the likeness thereof was as the likeness of the appearance of"—a whale. Peter was loth; or Peter was busy, or asleep, or too wide awake. At any rate, Peter could not, or would not, come. Thence, it will be concluded, the stick was formally applied to Mr. Lucas. "Not by no means"—as the spectre, in *Giovanni on Horseback*, used to say at Astley's. The stick was still in search of a conductor—like Cælebs in search of a wife, or Diogenes of an honest man—a "man of wax." It had only just been declared illegal to offer the conductorship of the concerts to any one, foreigner or native, who was resident in London. The illegality—provided for the occasion—may account for no application having been made to Mr. Benedict, or to Herr Molique, or to—Mr. Sterndale Bennett (!). Further consultations took place—further propositions, objections, deliberations, and so forth—*avis-clos*. The directors may have called up spirits, like Macbeth—for aught we know. The "fetches" of seven great continental conductors, appearing in grim succession, may have tortured with doubts the brain of the perplexed directorate; Schumann of Düsseldorf, Lachner of Mannheim, Eckert of Wien, Hiller of Köln, Hanssens of Brussels, Kücken of Stuttgart, and Taubert of Berlin, *bâton* in hand, like the seven

apparitions of kings, may have stalked across the platform of the orchestra, and, alternately describing a rapid gyration over the empty rostrum of the ex-director, acknowledged their unworthiness by a movement of the head, and, one after the other, vanished into air, to the dismay of the now undirected "seven"—for anything we can say to the contrary. All this may have happened and more, until the directors, like the ill-crowned Thane of Cawdor, may have felt inclined to cry out—"What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" We can only say that, if the images of those great continental conductors did actually present themselves to the imaginations of the seven who represent the aggregate of Philharmonic wisdom, they were exorcised, laid—in soberer phrase, kicked out, rejected. The seven would not do. But now—

"The eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
Which shows me (them) many more!"

That eighth was RICHARD WAGNER, in whose glass was mirrored the "likeness of the appearance" of the MUSIC OF THE FUTURE, its prophets and its preachers.

The music of the past having lost its charms, that of "the future" will now have all the more. The *Ode to Joy* may be replaced by *Lohengrin*, *Der Freischütz* by the *Flying Dutchman*, and the *Mount of Olives* by the *Mount of Venus*, (*Tannhäuser*.)

"The interchange of contraries is good," said Lord Bacon. But what a look out for the subscribers! It is well known that Richard Wagner has little respect for any music but his own; that he holds Beethoven to have been a child until he wrote the Posthumous quartets and the Mass in D, which he (Wagner) regards as his own *starting points* (!); that he entertains much the same opinion of Felix Mendelssohn as Felix Mendelssohn was wont to entertain of Richard Wagner; and that, finally, he is earnestly bent on upsetting all the accepted forms and canons of art—forms and canons which Bach and Händel, Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn respected—in order the more surely to establish his doctrines that rhythm is superfluous, counterpoint a useless bore, and every musician ancient or modern, himself excepted, either an impostor or a blockhead. Now such rhodomontade may pass muster in the dreary streets of Weimar, where Franz Listz reigns, like a musical King Death, and quaffs destruction to harmony and melody; or in the æsthetic purlieu of Leipsic, where, muddled with beer and metaphysics, the Teutonic *dilettanti* have allowed their wits to go astray, and become dupes of the grossest charlatanism; but in England, where Listz was never much thought of, and where the beer and the philosophy are manufactured from more substantial and less deleterious stuff, it can hardly be. If the brilliant meteor, Berlioz, failed to entice the musical mind of this country from its devotion to the bright and pure spheres of art, into his own erratic and uncertain course, what chance can there be for the duller Richard, with his interminable pamphlets? We have no objection to see *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, without the music; and Mr. E. T. Smith, after the run of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, might venture with some effect into those unexplored territories (*Tannhäuser* would look formidable in a transparency). But we trust Mr. Gye and Lord Ward will not be tempted into the Wagnerian waters; for if ever there was a veritable man-mermaid it is Richard, who looks fair enough above stream, but whose end is shrouded in a muddy quagmire of impenetrable sophistry.

Whether it be true, as we have heard, that Mr. Anderson,

one of the Directors of the Philharmonic, has set out on a journey, to find Wagner, and bring him to England, we cannot positively assert. Nor are we in a condition to answer for the contingency—that, in case the “Music of the Future” should be found coy and unwilling, and Wagner refuse to bite the Philharmonic-hook, the music of the past is to be ferretted out at Hanover, and in the person of a venerable imitator of Carl Maria von Weber—Heinrich Marschner—conducted in state to Hanover-square, and there invested with the stick. All we can say for a certainty is that we shall say nothing more at present, since we know nothing more than what we have confided to our readers. We leave it to their own acuteness to glean the truth from out of an unusual cloud of mystery, surmise, and doubt.

\* \* According to the latest intelligence, Mr. Anderson, one of the directors of the Philharmonic Society, has gone to Zurich. The object of his journey is to engage Herr Richard Wagner, composer of *Tannhäuser*, etc., to conduct the eight concerts for the season 1855—Mr. Costa having seceded. It is a long way to travel for such a purpose, and in the snow too; but we believe Herr Wagner to be an adept at the *bâton*; and that is important. It would be of no use applying to any ordinary phenomenon. The task of stepping into the shoes of the Autocrat of all the Orchestras is hardly less perilous, in a harmonious point of view, than that of mounting the throne of a deceased Czar, in a political sense. Herr Wagner, however, is not an ordinary, but an extraordinary phenomenon; and we understand he entertains very decided opinions of his own. Thus, it is possible, things may go on resolutely, if not smoothly. Herr Liszt will, of course, travel from Weimar to London, and play some of his latest “arabesques;” for where Wagner is, Liszt is sure to come, in shadow, if not in substance.

With Hector Berlioz at the “New” Philharmonic, and Richard Wagner at the “Old,” we may expect some thunder this season. M. Jullien should prolong his concerts at Covent-Garden, and drown it.

So that, after all, the prognostications in our “leader,” above, have been in some degree justified.—(Friday, Jan. 19, 1855.)

#### M. JULLIENS CONCERTS.

THE “Beethoven Festival” took place on Tuesday night. The audience was as dense as that of the preceding Tuesday, when the Mendelssohn Festival was given. These festival nights have proved so attractive, that Mozart’s name is about to be added to those of Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

The selection comprised the symphony in C minor, the fifth; the overture to *Leonora*—the grandest of the *Fiddio* set; the pianoforte concerto in C minor; the violin concerto—the only one Beethoven wrote; and the *contralto* song, “In questa tomba.” Here was a regular Philharmonic Concert, with a difference: the visitor paid one shilling or half-a-crown, as it suited his pocket, in place of half-a-guinea or a guinea. Is there not good reason then for M. Jullien being supported by the public?

The concert commenced with the overture, which was executed with great vigour and precision. The pianoforte concerto is one of Beethoven’s earlier works, and shows the influence of Mozart in every movement. It was well chosen by Madame Pleyel, who has seldom been heard to greater advantage. Her performance was not only marked by that mechanical perfection for which she is always noted, but distinguished by consummate taste. The *rondo* was a prodigy of grace and *esprit*; and a new charm was imparted to the theme at each “*reprise*,” by means of those delicate *nuances*, which are only in the province of genius to conceive, and of the most perfect art to realise. In the

*allegro* Madame Pleyel introduced the long and difficult *cadenza*, by M. Moscheles. The concerto was followed by reiterated cheers.

Like Mendelssohn, Beethoven wrote but one concerto for the violin. This was played on Monday night by Herr Ernst, in a manner to justify all the praises that have been lavished on him as an executant of classical music. His performance was grand and intellectual from first to last, and each movement was received with genuine applause. The *cadenza* introduced in the first movement, was novel and elaborate, and entirely in keeping with the character of the concerto. It is admirably written, and was executed with astonishing brilliancy and fire. The *cadenza* in the *rondo*, on the other hand, was—as it should be—shorter and less ambitious. The whole performance was masterly throughout, and bore the impress of that profound and imaginative spirit, without which no artist can pretend truly to interpret the works of Beethoven. The applause bestowed upon Herr Ernst, after every movement of the concerto, was worthy of himself, and of the music, and a strong sign of the capability of M. Jullien’s audience to appreciate the highest class of composition and performance.

Miss Dolby was encored in the lovely song above named, which she gave with perfect taste and the most genuine expression. A song possessing so little of *ad captandum* character, and eliciting such an unmistakable fiat of approbation from so vast an assembly is a sign of the times. Time was, when if Beethoven’s “*In questa tomba oscura*” had been presented to a such a mixed crowd, it would have stood the chance of being “silenced” *impromptu*.

The symphony brought the first part to a termination; and although it was nearly half past ten o’clock when it was concluded, and the audience had been listening to “classic” music for two hours and a half, there was not the slightest symptom of weariness manifested. It was played, as it always is under M. Jullien’s direction, superbly.

This “Beethoven Night” proved one of the most successful of the season; and, had M. Jullien time, no doubt he would be induced to repeat it. The “Mozart Festival” is announced for Tuesday next,

#### ST. MARTIN’S HALL.

MR. HULLAH’S third concert took place on Wednesday evening, to a crowded audience. The incident of the evening was the first performance of a new oratorio, the composition of Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, and entitled *The Nativity*. The subject, we need scarcely say, is the birth of the Saviour and its influence upon humanity. The episode of John the Baptist is introduced, and the opening chorus involves the scriptural account of the beginning of the world. Thus it will be seen that the book is neither narrative, nor descriptive, but didactic. At the same time we must add that, while nothing can be more lofty and impressive than such a theme, nothing could have been more unfortunately selected for the purposes of a lady-composer. Everyone in musical circles is aware that, under the name of Miss Mounsey, the authoress of *The Nativity* published a number of songs, etc., which entitled her to high consideration, independently of her sex. Had she continued in this branch of musical invention, she would have continued to win laurels, we are sure; but justice compels us to say that she has none of the requirements indispensable to so high an effort as the composition of an oratorio; and that *The Nativity* is no oratorio at all, but merely a series of unelaborate and unpretending pieces, for chorus, and solo voices, never bordering on grandeur, and with no definite purpose, decision of style, absolute connection, or anything at all approaching to elevation. That there are many melodious phrases, and that the songs especially are gracefully accompanied, and with a real feeling for harmony, will be readily believed by all who are acquainted with the published music of Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew. But here respect for truth commands us to desist; and, indeed, the work does not call for further or more detailed examination.

The general performance, under Mr. Hullah’s direction, though not perfect, was praiseworthy. The solo singers dis-

tinguished themselves more highly than the chorus, Mr. Allen especially, who sang the tenor music, which is long and not grateful, with undeviating correctness and true artistic feeling. Mr. Weiss was equally admirable in the bass part, and to his competent charge was allotted what appeared to us (if we may be allowed to judge from a first hearing) the best piece of music in the oratorio—viz., an air to the words "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The singing of our English bass was as forcible as the music was good, and deserved an encore—though it did not obtain one—much better than any of the pieces that were actually redemanded. The ladies were Mrs. Enderssohn and Miss Bleaden (*sopranos*), Misses Huddart and Palmer (*contraltos*). They all sung carefully and well, and were deservedly encored in a very pleasing quartet (unaccompanied), "Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid." Miss Huddart, who though still nervous, has a fine voice, and is improving, was similarly complimented in a pretty air—"Behold my servant." There were other encores; the applause was liberal and frequent; and at the end of the oratorio Mrs. Bartholomew was conducted to the platform by Mr. Hullah, and cheered enthusiastically—quite as enthusiastically as Mendelssohn, at Birmingham, after the first performance of his *Elijah*.

The *Nativity* was followed by Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which was executed in a manner vastly creditable to Mr. Hullah and his Upper Singing School, and to the vocalists—Mrs. Enderssohn, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Weiss—who undertook the principal solo parts. *St. Paul* is to be given at the next concert.

#### DRAMATIC.

ST. JAMES'S.—The attempt to modernize an ancient Greek drama, to assimilate it to the tastes and feelings of the present time, and, by the aid of music and a change of scenery—discarding the preservation of the unities—to render it more interesting and varied, met with entire success at this theatre on Monday night. Of the nineteen tragedies of Euripides which remain to us out of ninety-two he wrote, there is, perhaps, not one more likely to engage the sympathies of modern audiences than *Alcestis*. "On the score of beautiful morality, there is none of the plays of Euripides," says Augustus William Schlegel, in his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, "so deserving, perhaps, of praise as the *Alcestis*. Her resolution to die, and the farewell which she takes of her husband and children, are depicted with the most overpowering pathos. The poet's forbearance, in not allowing the heroine to speak on her return from the infernal world, lest he might draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds the condition of the dead, is entitled to high praise." Nevertheless, Schlegel, following the example of nearly all the Greek critics—among whom is found the celebrated Aristarchus—places Euripides, as a dramatic writer, far below *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. The dramas of Euripides have, however, served more frequently as originals from which the moderns have derived the groundwork of adaptations than those of his more celebrated predecessors. Witness the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, *Ion*, *Alcester*, *Andromache*, etc. The cause may be traced to the fact, that the plays of Euripides possess more *humanity*, literally speaking; and, if they were less lofty, were more life-like and real, and come home more directly to the domestic feelings. If *Æschylus* was the most sublime writer of the three; *Sophocles*, the grandest and most simple; it may, perhaps, with truth be said that Euripides was the most natural.

The *Alcestis* produced at the St. James's theatre on Monday night is not taken directly from the Greek of Euripides. The French version of M. Hyppolite Lucas has been consulted by the adapter, Mr. Henry Spicer. But, neither the Greek nor the French has been closely followed. Mr. Spicer has departed from the original in several material instances, and, not always, we are inclined to think, with advantage. We shall first give a sketch of the piece as produced at the St. James's, and then show how far the adapter has deviated from the Greek:—

"Apollo, banished from Olympus, took refuge in the household of Admetus, King of Phœre, and served that monarch, in the capacity of

a shepherd, for nine years; during which period the disguised deity became so warmly attached to the family of his protector, as to make them, on his recall to heaven, the objects of his continued care. Finding that Admetus was stricken by a wasting disorder, Apollo solicited the Fates in his behalf; and received for answer, that Admetus should not only recover, but should never die—so long as, on the fatal hour approaching, a substitute should be found. No one else coming forward to rescue the fated king, his noble wife, Alcestis, daughter of Pelias, king of Iolchos, generously volunteered to be the victim. In the version of the great Greek author, Admetus, though overwhelmed with sorrow, is induced to accept the noble sacrifice:—a weakness in some measure redeemed, by the generous and delicate hospitality with which he welcomes the apparently ill-timed visit of Hercules, carefully concealing from his hero-guest every trace of the misfortune which has befallen his house and realm."

In the original play, Hercules does not arrive at Phœre until after the death of Alcestis. In Mr. Spicer's version he is made to appear before even Alcestis has made up her mind to offer herself as a sacrifice for her husband. It will be at once seen how much is lost by this alteration. Euripides intends to portray the most noble hospitality on the part of Admetus, who disdains to allow his guest to participate in his sorrows, and receives him with smiles and a hearty welcome, interdicting all his household from acquainting him with the death of the queen. In Mr. Spicer's adaptation, Hercules seeks the hospitality of Admetus, when that monarch is under the influence of fears that he will not find one who will yield up his life in his stead. The spirit of the old Greek dramatists shines out in the former incident. In the latter we recognize a common-place sentiment carried out in a common-place manner. The former is heroism; the latter simply self-possession.

The second principal departure from the Greek story consists in the contest between Thanatos, or Death—denominated in the new version "Orcus"—and Hercules, for the restoration to life of Alcestis, being rendered visible to the audience. This is a daring innovation. Death is introduced on the stage, under the semblance of a dark spectre. Hercules confronts him; bullies him; defies him, and retires with him behind the side-wing, whence we hear a dialogue, in which Death is made to succumb to the powers of Hercules, and to swear by the Styx that he will restore Alcestis to life. In Euripides, on the contrary, the feat of Hercules is related, and the dark shade kept out of sight. How much more forcible this is, we need not say.

That forbearance, upon which Schlegel bestows such high praise, of not allowing Alcestis to speak on her return to life, "lest," as he says, "the poet might draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds the condition of the dead," has been considered by Mr. Spicer—and, perhaps, not without some show of reason—as too much opposed to the exigencies of the modern stage, and not likely to appeal to the sensibilities, or meet the appreciation of his audiences. We must do the adapter the justice to say, that he has managed the change with much skill, and that the gradual revival of Alcestis to life, the recognition of surrounding objects, and the gush of delight at beholding her husband, are achieved with true poetic feeling.

It is not necessary in this place to allude to less important alterations of Euripides, which Mr. Spicer has made in his adaptation of the *Alcestis*.

With respect to the general getting up of the piece, too much praise can hardly be bestowed on the management. The scenery is well painted, the dresses new, appropriate, and, in the instance of the King and Queen, rich and magnificent, and the grouping managed with excellent effect. The set "scena" of the old drama throughout the entire play, with its front and two side entrances, is not followed. Each act has its separate scene, and a greater variety is thereby obtained. Miss Vandenhoff was engaged expressly to undertake the part of the heroine, and Mr. Barry Sullivan had to supply the place of Mr. George Vandenhoff, whom indisposition incapacitated from assuming the part of Admetus.

Miss Vandenhoff was earnest and impressive throughout, and in the parting scene with her husband and children, in the second act, displayed great feeling and tenderness. The action of this lady is studied and graceful, and every thing about her proclaims



that she has been well instructed. Her speaking, however, is too measured and exact; and what is gained in distinctness is lost in force. Every word, nay, every syllable, is uttered as if life depended on the pronunciation. Miss Vandenhoff was received with distinguished favour, and vehemently applauded in the farewell scene of the second act. Indeed we have seldom seen a greater effect produced in any scene of any play. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Mr. Barry Sullivan is not at home in Euripides. The atmosphere of the classic drama does not appear to suit him. He walked through the part of Admetus as if his sole purpose was to exhibit the splendour of his costume. He had many opportunities for the exhibition of good acting, but did not take advantage of one. He might have been more dignified in the second interview with Hercules—that in which he endeavours to conceal the death of his wife; he might have been infinitely more pathetic in the dying scene of Alceste; and he might easily have shown greater ecstasy of delight at the unexpected restoration of his Queen to life. Mr. Barry Sullivan, we are aware, enjoys no mean reputation as a tragic actor; but his performance of Admetus in the play of *Alceste*, is not likely to enhance his fame. Mr. Stuart's Hercules was a vigorous and graphic performance, and created quite a sensation. He was recalled specially at the end of the second act, and tended in no small degree to the success of the play. The remaining characters were respectably supported.

When *Alceste* was first announced, if we mistake not—at least it was understood—that the music would be entirely from Glück's opera *Alceste*. Instead thereof, we found on Monday night that the music was selected from various works of the German master. The overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis* preceded the play, and the choruses and *entr'acte* music have no connection with each other. Why the music of *Alceste* should not have been exclusively used we cannot say. The only part of the music taken from *Alceste* is the opening chorus; the rest is borrowed from *Orfeo* and *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Mr. Wellington Guernsey is set down in the bills as "selector and arranger." We think the play would have fared better if the selection and arrangement had been assigned to Sir Henry Bishop, who was engaged as musical director. We are sorry this subject has not been considered of sufficient importance. The music of Glück is too seldom heard in this country; and now, when it is heard, it is to the manifest disadvantage of the illustrious composer. We regret this the more, since so much was done by the management to give it effect. The band was considerably enlarged; sixty chorus singers were provided, and, as we have just said, Sir Henry Bishop was engaged as conductor. We shall probably return to this subject next week.

We may conclude with stating that a genuine success was achieved; that all the actors were recalled at the end; and that Mr. Henry Spicer had to bow from his box to a vociferous call made for the translator. Sir Henry Bishop, also, obtained a highly flattering reception on his entrance into the orchestra.

PRINCESS'S.—All the world of London is in raptures with Mr. Charles Kean's performance of Louis XI., in the new translation produced at the Princess's on Saturday. The admirers of the actor insist that it is his greatest effort; which is hardly complimentary to one who has won his highest fame in *Hamlet*. The truth is, that Mr. Charles Kean's acting is so thoroughly artistic, so finished, and, indeed, perfect throughout, as to make us overlook the fact, that the part of Louis XI. is by no means a great one, and that to give it all the force and meaning the author intended, is anything but exhausting to the actor's resources. M. Casimir Delavigne's celebrated play, faulty in construction, and deficient in incident, possesses no great amount of interest for the general spectator. The character of Louis, however, is depicted in such powerful colours, every phase of it is so forcibly brought out, that it requires an artist of no second-rate powers to endow it with life and reality. M. Casimir Delavigne has painted his hero even in darker colours than history warrants. Louis is represented from first to last without one redeeming quality. His meanness, craftiness, avarice, cruelty, superstition and cowardice are apparent in every scene; and were it not for an under-current of humour with which the author, with singular tact, invests him, the character would be

entirely revolting. How different Shakespeare paints his villains! Iago exhibits no pusillanimity when confronted with his victims; Macbeth redeems himself by his glorious death; the chivalrous valour of Richard shines like a meteor through the darkness of his crimes. Louis XI., on the contrary, is hypocritical and grovelling to the end, and fails to exhibit a single quality which would recommend him to the mercy, not to say the sympathy, of the spectators. M. Casimir Delavigne, without being too faithful to history, has aimed to draw a grand historical picture, and, in the opinion of many, he has succeeded. We think, nevertheless, his drama would not have suffered if he had exhibited Louis XI.—that monarch to whom, with all his faults, France owed more than to any other—as something more like a man and less like a monster.

Every reader of French history is acquainted with the treachery and cruelty practised by Louis the Eleventh on John d'Armagnac, Duke de Nemours, and knows how the crafty monarch obtained possession of the person of the Duke by promising him a free pardon; how, instead of granting him pardon, he had him beheaded, and placed his two youthful sons under the scaffold to catch the drops of blood that fell from the father's mutilated body. This horrible incident constitutes the starting point of M. Casimir Delavigne's drama. The young Duke of Nemours, who has grown up in the service of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, is sent to the court of Louis, under another name, as the envoy of that powerful vassal. Louis, discovering who he is, determines to sacrifice him; but the death of the tyrant saves the son from the fate of his less fortunate parent. This is as much of the plot as need be told. The rest mainly develops the ideal of the king, whose vices are laid bare to the audience in a manner certainly more comic than tragic. The aim of the author in every scene, in every dialogue, is to portray the vacillations of Louis, and to exhibit the most violent contrasts of character. Most of these are highly effective; while some are seemingly violations of truth and nature. For instance, when Louis is about to suggest to his provost-marshal, Tristan l'Hermite, the murder of the young Duke of Nemours, he hears the "Angelus" sung in the distance, and breaking off suddenly from his theme, takes off his hat and appears to pray fervently to the leaden image of the Virgin placed in front of it, until the "Angelus" finished, he returns to his murderous designs with equal alacrity as if nothing had interrupted their discussion. The comic expression of Mr. Charles Kean's face in this scene was irresistible, and created roars of laughter. M. Casimir Delavigne, however, who probably intended to paint a true historical picture, desired to represent Louis as superstitious, rather than hypocritical. Nor was the King at all likely to be a hypocrite before his chief executioner. Mr. Charles Kean brings out the comic side of the character elaborately, and by this means possibly saves it, in a great degree, from being odious and insupportable.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the merits of M. Casimir Delavigne's drama—considered abroad as one of the triumphs of modern French dramatic literature—they have yet to be acknowledged in this country. There can be no dispute, however, of Mr. Charles Kean's personification of the King. A more closely studied and admirably complete performance it would be difficult to imagine. But more than this, the part of Louis the Eleventh seems peculiarly adapted to the powers of the actor, who throws himself instinctively into it, and exhibits a new vein of comedy, for which his warmest admirers had hardly given him credit. The character is essentially melo-dramatic; the comic preponderates, and there is not one great tragic point in the whole. M. Casimir Delavigne had evidently Shakespeare in his mind in the scene, where Louis probes Tristan l'Hermite (did the Provost Marshal require inuendoes?) touching the murder of Nemours, which strongly recalls that between King John and Hubert, about the murder of Prince Arthur, and that between Richard the Third and the Duke of Buckingham, *apropos* of the two princes in the Tower.

"Thou wast not wont to be so dull, gossip," are the words of Louis to Tristan. Put "cousin" in place of "gossip," and you have the exact phrase of Richard to

Buckingham. Another hint—a very strong one—derived from Shakspeare, cannot fail to be recognised in the last scene. The king is supposed to be dead; the dauphin kneels at his side and prays, and taking the crown from the table, is about to place it on his own head, when Louis awakes and rebukes him. Need we point to the celebrated scene between King Henry and the Prince of Wales in the second part of Shakspeare's *King Henry the Fourth*?

The performance of *Louis XI.* has created an unusual sensation in theatrical circles. The Princess's theatre is crowded to excess every night it is played, and Mr. Charles Kean is likely to reap the benefit of his own powerful and original acting. The other actors had but little to do, and in the presence of Louis XI, appear little better than nonentities.

## REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. II.

(Continued from page 19.)

ONE day, when Mozart was in a good humour, he proposed that those persons, who in vain racked their brains for melodies, should have recourse to a game at dice, in which each person should be allowed only two or three throws, and immediately receive a theme for a cantata, symphony, air, or galop. A great many took the joke seriously and threw. It is true that the plan of deriving the melody from the words, although somewhat similar, is a more sensible one, and, indeed, at first sight, appears to contain the philosopher's stone; but such, unfortunately, is not the case. Words, like tones, are capable of producing sensations by themselves; but if they are both united, the former pale like candle-lamps before gas-light. The former may aid in diffusing light, but it is from the latter that all the rays seem to proceed. On this principle it is possible that thousands and hundreds of thousands may feel elevated and excited by "Rule, Britannia," without understanding a word of the text; and quite as many, most assuredly, allow themselves to be captivated by one of Rossini's comic operas, (performed in Italian), without caring about the words. No one will understand me as saying that words are entirely superfluous—but simply: in this manner we shall have no suns shining, but, at most, candle-lamps. *Trop raffiner c'est dénaturer.* What have men not attempted with the poor words! There was one period when composers exerted themselves to render the mere words picturesquely, without reference to the whole work. If, for instance, the expression "high goddess," occurred in the text, "high" was set to a very high note; if we had "the deep feeling," it was considered necessary to render "deep" by an exceedingly low one; at the word "sin" the composer introduced an enharmonic transition, and a *tremolando* was absolutely indispensable for "pain," just as when many songstresses have to express that feeling they press their breast and shake their bodies. True expression proceeds from within. Melody cannot be taught. We may criticise it here and there, but we cannot improve it, or it is no melody. When we blame Weber, for instance, because in his opera of *Der Freischütz*, he makes Aennchen, in the air "Trübe Augen," sing the unaccented syllable "gen" on a higher tone than the first syllable "au," we are, perhaps, not altogether wrong; but any attempt to improve this most enchanting arietta, so admirably adapted to the roguish, delightful character of Aennchen, in a *word-melodious* manner, would be a failure. I could adduce a great many such instances of Wagner, in spite of which he is charming, and as many others strictly word-melodious, where he is repulsive. I purpose showing this when I come to treat of *Lohengrin*. If the system of word-melody maintains its ground, it will not be difficult in this inventive age—which has already invented an instrument that immediately marks down every note a person sounds, as well as one that imitates all the instruments of an orchestra—to invent another that will set down musically whatever a person declaims. We should then be able to compose a Drama of the Future in a few hours. But, joking aside, melody is quite a different thing to what some people pretend to think it; for I greatly doubt their believing the doctrine they promulgate, and acting in accordance with it. The words are simply the rough, transparent olibanum; the melody is the beautiful perfume which, when the former is warmed or lighted, escapes from the clouds of wreathed smoke. Let us cast a retrospective glance on its origin.

Upon the establishment of the Christian church, believers rejected, with horror, both heathen and Grecian tunes. A most fervent and sincere religious feeling created melodies, differing in every respect from those employed in the theatres and temples of the heathen. Hilarius was the first to write poetry and music for the church. About the end of the fourth century, Ambrosius introduced a type of sacred

music, by accurately determining the harmonic proportions and confining them to four keys. In the sixth century, St. Gregory devoted his attention to vocal music, and his *Antiphonium*, fastened to a chain, was laid before the altar of St. Peter, in order for ever to preserve the primitive melodies, which had been produced by the most unalloyed enthusiasm, and were not simply a means of declaiming the text. The Roman Catholic Church retains this music to the present day, and, when sung by a numerous choir of priests, as I have heard it sung in the Cathedral at Cologne, it produces a most powerful effect. Composers, however, continued to introduce fresh ornaments; so that, in 1549, Ciriolo Franchi wrote as follows concerning the singers of his day:—"They consider their whole happiness and merit to consist in the fact, that at the same moment one says 'Sanctus,' another shall sing 'Sabbaoth,' and a third 'Gloria Tua,' this medley being accompanied by a certain howling, bellowing, and snarling, which rather resembles the caterwauling of tom-cats in January than the fragrant flowers of the moon of May." When these abuses had attained their greatest height, the genius of Palestrina arose; this, say his contemporaries, was as pure as if the angels had instructed him in the harmony of Heaven. It is now three hundred years since Palestrina taught, and yet all musicians acknowledge him as a genius of the highest order. I am acquainted with two masses by him (with the same text, naturally), both magnificent, beautiful, and truthful in expression, and yet both different—how does this agree with the system of *Word Melody*? Yes, a "Kyrie Eleison" contains a world full of tones, if you but possess the art to select good ones; but it is only the power of genius, and not that of the understanding alone, which succeeds in doing this. What Palestrina was at the epoch just mentioned, Wagner wishes to be at the present day. As church music had sunk then, opera has sunk now; and as a French vocal choir inoculated Rome with superficiality, it is also the French school of modern times which has been productive of injurious effects in Germany. Germans have, from the bad translations they are in the habit of hearing every day, learned to undervalue the text. In garden-concerts, and in the streets, we mostly hear only French airs, and yet music deserves some attention as a means of expression and excitement, in so far as it works upon the sentiments of a whole nation. There have been but few statesmen who have not devoted their attention to the course taken by the feeling of a whole nation; and yet there have only been very few who have recognised the influence exerted by music in determining it, although a song out of Grétry's *Cœur de Lion* was capable, during the French Revolution, of pacifying a furious multitude, and, at last, causing it to join in; while, sixty years later, the melodies of *La Muette de Portici*, with the flames of their straw fires, excited people to a directly opposite course, analogous to the sentiment they expressed. The present tendency of public feeling in Germany is one that, for every German, is *contrary to nature, and forced upon him by Paris*. On this account it does not flourish, like a southern plant in a northern soil, but is cultivated from a dearth of indigenous produce. Paris still sets the fashion. This should not be the case. Berlin possesses, at least, as much strength. It is there that the banner of German art should be displayed, from there that a ray of light should be diffused over all Europe; there that everything that is beautiful should be concentrated and reign over all around, with the irresistible force of superior and refined intellect. There must be the source of the stream, that shall spread its fruitful waters over the country, receive all the brooks and rivulets, and then pursue its onward course as a mighty river. Let us at present take for our model the schools of Paris for music and lyric declamation; when the German knows what he is to do, it will not be long before he outstrips the Frenchman, because he is more indefatigable; while, again, if we gradually expunge French opera from our repertory, and take care that German composers are no longer left to die of hunger, we shall soon fill up the gaps with German operas. This was what Weber wanted, and the object he had in view when writing his operas. This is what Wagner, too, wants, and even if he were not already, as an artist, to be ranked among the most meritorious, he would be worthy of our especial attention, simply from the fact of his possessing a feeling of nationality, and working to the best of his ability, both in text and music, for German art. That a German composer, however, who did not first produce his operas in Paris, and there obtain a testimonial of capability, should create a *furor* in our cautious country is due to Franz Liszt. But for him, Wagner would long since have been forgotten. Should, however, matters not turn out quite so successfully as the more sensible desire, we must blame those *friends* who, no longer contented with seeing Wagner honoured as a mortal, wish him to be worshipped as a god—although he is yet very mortal, especially when he meddles with *word-melody*.

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BAND.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—It gave me much satisfaction to read the very just and true statement made in the letter of "A Chorus Singer," inserted in your valuable journal of last Saturday.

It is a matter of much regret that there should be only too true a cause for such remarks.

There is one mistake I consider you have fallen into in your clever leader on the same subject, which, when you know the truth (and that can easily be discovered by inquiry), you will at some future time rectify. In speaking of the pay of the private band, you call it "liberal." Now the salary of either Mr. or Mrs. Anderson may be "liberal"—for that is a point not open to public inquiry, and that Her Majesty is led to believe that all the members of the Private Band are "liberally" paid, I have no doubt whatever. But I think, when you are told that the principal part of the members only receive £80 or £100 per annum, and that they are required for that sum to be always in readiness to fulfil Her Majesty's commands, to the loss of all other engagements which they may by chance make; and that they are taken from their houses in town for the greater part of the winter to Windsor, without any further allowance being made them for increased expenses attending the having to keep up a second place of residence, I do not think you can, in justice to that part of the musical profession, make use of the term "liberal" as regards their salary.

There are many more arrangements respecting the Private Band of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, which ought—and I trust will—meet with exposure before long; exposures which may possibly, nay, I believe will, astonish Her Gracious Majesty as much as any of her musical subjects.

I remain, sir, yours obediently,

TRUTH.

## PROFESSIONAL CHORUS SINGERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The insertion of the letter of "A Chorus Singer," together, with your powerful leading article on the subject, will do more good for the ill-paid body of professionals, of whom I have the misfortune to be one, than anything that has hitherto been done; and I speak fact from observation, that one and all are heaping thanks upon you for this step in their behalf. But woe to the writer of the able letter if his name should ever transpire; already are the "700" on the *qui vive* to discover it, and of a surety he would become a marked man; but let us hope that the prime mover in a cause so beneficial to a suffering class will meet with better treatment.

My immediate object in addressing you is to ask: Cannot the letter, together with your leader, be, through your kindly aid, inserted in the *Times*, *Observer*, &c.? for then would the public be made aware of a great abuse, and, at the same time, your praiseworthy efforts to remove it. Pray accept my personal thanks for your able exertions in the cause, and insert this if you can find space for it. I remain, Sir, your obliged servant,

A FEMALE CHORUS SINGER.

Jan. 16.

[We have no connection and no influence with any of our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press. Our correspondent should make application in the proper quarter.—ED. M. W.]

## MUSIC PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

A List of the Music published in London during the past week.

	s.	d.
Clinton, J.—I Puritani—Flute and Piano—3 books (each) ..	Boosey & Sons	3 0
Cooté, C. jun.—The Artillery Galop ..	Campbell & Co.	2 6
Fesey, A.—The Enchantress Schottische ..	"	2 0
Glover, C. W.—Airs from Lucia di Lammermoor, in 2 books, each ..	"	3 0
Gibson, Ignace.—Helen. Mazurka ..	"	2 0
Hünter, F.—Non più mesta ..	Metzler & Co.	2 0
Höchst, Carl.—The Cardigan Galop ..	Campbell & Co.	3 0
" Hortense Valse ..	"	3 0
" True Blue Polka ..	"	2 6
Jullig, Franz.—Maria's Beld ..	Metzler & Co.	1 0
Laurent, H.—The Victory Polka ..	Campbell & Co.	3 0
Mendelssohn—Andante Rondo Capriccioso ..	Metzler & Co.	3 0
Mount, G.—The celebrated Quartette from Rigoletto, arranged as a duett ..	Campbell & Co.	3 0
" A to o cara—as a duett ..	"	2 0
Mendelssohn's Wedding March—Solo ..	"	2 0
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## Music Publishers' Circular—continued.

	s.	d.
New, S. W.—A Collection of Sacred Music, consisting of Hymns, Chants, &c. ..	Jewell & Co.	7 6
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" Deserto sulla terra ..	"	1 0
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Westrop, E. J.—Tutor for the Violin ..	Campbell & Co.	2 0
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Wely, Lefebure.—Le calme du matin—Nocturne ..	Metzler & Co.	3 0
" Le calme du soir—ditto ..	"	2 0

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS REBECCA ISAACS begs to inform her friends and the public that she now receives Pupils at her residence, No. 8, Store-street, Bedford-square, where communications for Concerts will be received.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

MISS E. JACOBS will sing at Dalston, 22nd and 29th; Chatham, 23rd; Reading, 24th; Dover, 25th; and Folkestone, the 26th instant. Further communications respecting Concerts, &c., to be made at her residence, 8, Bury-street, City.

SIGNOR GREGORIO begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he will resume his Professional duties after the termination of his engagement in Scotland.

MR. H. COOPER, Concert Agent.—Professors and others giving Concerts in Town or Country, may be supplied with Vocal and Instrumental Performers on applying, by letter, to Mr. Cooper, No. 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

MR. H. C. COOPER, who has just returned to Town for the season, gives lessons on the Violin, accepts engagements to perform Solos, lead Quartets, &c., &c.—For terms apply (by letter) to Mr. Cooper, No. 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

MISS MILNER, Vocalist (Soprano), will be happy to accept engagements to sing at Oratorios, Concerts, &c., &c.—For terms apply to Mr. Cooper, No. 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

MR. FRANK BODDA begs to inform his pupils that his Vocal Classes will commence early in February and continue throughout the season.—2, Nottingham-terrace, York-gate, Regent's-park.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS desires to announce that he has returned to London for the season, and requests all communications to be addressed to him at his residence, No. 4, Torrington-street, Russell-square.—January 18.

IL TROVATORE.—Messrs. Boosey and Sons have just published new editions of the four best Songs in this celebrated Opera: "Deserto sulla terra," "Ah si ben mio," "Di quella pira," and "Stride la vampa." Price 1s. each.—23, Holles-street.

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I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS FRANCIS, Vicar Choral.

To Mr. Keating.

## BEAUMONT INSTITUTION CONCERTS.—The third

Concert of the season will take place on Monday, January 29. Vocalists—Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Poole, Miss Dolby, Mr. Farquharson, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Violinist—Herr Van Heddeghem. Organist—Mr. A. Carder. Conductor—Mr. Frank Mori. Tickets—Aree, 1s. 6d.; Balcony, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. All communications respecting these Concerts to be addressed to Mr. D. Francis, Director, at the Institution.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter-hall.—

The FIRST PERFORMANCE this season will take place on Wednesday, Feb. 14. Conductors, H. Berlioz and Dr. Wylde. Subscriptions received at Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 43, Cheapside; and Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

WILLERT BEALE, Hon. Sec.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter-hall.—

Subscribers and the public are informed that the CONCERTS of the ensuing season will take place in Exeter-hall, commencing in February. Subscription for reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s.; subscription tickets for west gallery, £1 1s. Conductors—M. HECTOR BERLIOZ and Dr. WYLDE. Subscribers' names received at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

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